NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Note That Was Signed by Webster and Clay

WASHINGTON.—What always charms one about Washington is to realize that, after all, men are human, and that no dignity or distinction can eliminate the spirit of democracy on which the republic is founded. To walk along and have a chat with Chief Justice White and find that the man who has written decisions of historic moment from which there is no appeal retains an interest in everyday affairs and wears a fuzzy hat, and about the some sort of clothes, shoes and neckties as any other man, only serves to emphasize his real dignity. The chief justice is as simple as he is dignified. He loves to spend his vacation days at the old home in Louisiana, where neighbors and friends still hail him with the affectionate greetings of the days when he was forging his way to the front as a promising young lawyer.

The men in official Washington seem to have less of a halo about them than in the good old days, when the towering form of Webster or Henry Clay would attract more attention on Pennsylvania avenue than a brass band or a tango dancer in 1914. In a bank the other day was shown a note indorsed jointly by Henry Clay and Daniel Webster. The story is told that Clay asked Webster to indorse a note with him for $500.

"All right," said the studious and thoughtful Webster, "I'll do so, Clay, if you'll make it $1,000 and give me half." Clay agreed to the compact, and the two set out for Banker Riggs, signed the note with due solemnity, and secured the proceeds. As they swung out across the threshold on to the avenue and divided the money, Webster in his ponderous voice remarked to Clay, "Henry, why do you suppose Mr. Riggs wanted our names on that note?"

"It baffles me, Daniel," responded Clay, "perhaps he desired some memento to hand down to posterity, for I cannot at this moment conceive how it is going to be paid by the present generation."

The cancelled note is today a valued souvenir worth many times its face, because of the illustrious signers.—National Magazine.

Bachelor Member of House Embarrassed by Plea

REPRESENTATIVE MOSES KINKAID of Nebraska, a bachelor, was embarrassed in the house the other day. He was almost obliged to agree to get married in order to secure the passage of "a bill providing that the marriage of a homestead entryman to a homestead entrywoman shall not impair the right of either to a patent, after compliance with the law for one year."

Mr. Kinkaid said the present laws are an impediment to marriage in the public land states, and that this condition of affairs should be no longer tolerated.

"The gentleman from Nebraska has a good deal of nerve to call this bill up," suggested Representative Mann of Illinois. "He says it is against public policy to prevent marriage, while the gentleman all his life has been preventing one marriage that ought to take place."

Mr. Kinkaid blushed and stuttered and then exclaimed haltingly:

"I think I can make up for this omission, dereliction, or lack of opportunity, by helping to promote a law of this kind."

"If I thought this bill was designed in any way to permit the gentleman to join his affairs with some entrywoman I should certainly favor its passage," returned Mr. Mann. "I doubt whether the gentleman can make up for his own failings in this manner."

"I do not stand in the way of marriage of worthy widows, widowers, bachelors, or maidens," responded Mr. Kinkaid.

"I suggest an amendment including our Nebraska friend," observed Representative Madden of Illinois.

"I would be included," said Mr. Kinkaid, smilingly.

"We should like to help the gentleman get married," said Mr. Mann.

"I will accept all help gratefully," replied Mr. Kinkaid.

The bill was passed.

About the Easiest Thing in the World to Say

"ASK Washington," is the phrase that makes the corps of correspondents at the national capital ill. It is the easiest thing in the world to say, and sometimes entails endless labor. It means that somewhere in this country a paper is going to press, and some one on that sheet wants to know, for instance, what was the color of President Arthur's eyes.

"Ask Washington," says the managing editor, and the telegraph editor clicks off the massage.

The Washington correspondent gets the query. It may arrive in the middle of the night, or it may arrive even later, but he has to answer it in order to preserve the inviolate reputation that a Washington newspaper man can answer any question in the world. Somebody in this town will remember the color of those eyes, and the paper will have it.

That is not an extreme example, either. Didn't one Washington bureau get a query not long ago, in the "wee sma" hours of the morning, asking the number of steel missiles aboard one of the battleships. How would you like to get that problem put up to you at 1 a. m. with the understanding that the answer had to be fired back instanter?

Another query, from a Canadian paper, asked for the number of employes out of work in nearly every big city in the Union, the cost of clothes and food in all those cities and the probable effect on general business. Another query asked a correspondent here, "Who is Coup d'Etat and where is he from?" The correspondent had been using French in his political stuff. One of the most famous queries came from a yellow sheet in a big city. It read:

"Something in the air. Send 500 words."

The paper had a hunch that something was doing, and wanted to stir up the bureau.

Senator Martine "Glad to Meet" the Ambassador

SOCIAL affairs in congressional circles under the present Democratic regime lack the formality which characterized republican gatherings of a similar character under preceding administrations. At least that is what society people in Washington say, and they are telling a good story on Senator James E. Martine of New Jersey to illustrate their point.

At a reception given by the senator not long ago, so the story goes, members of the diplomatic corps, with their gold braid and medals of honor, mingled with the more modestly dressed civilians. Senator Martine was circling the room, greeting his guests in his bluff, hearty way, when his glance happened to rest on the Spanish ambassador, gaily caparisoned in uniform of his rank.

"Who in thunder are you? Where in thunder do you come from?" said Senator Martine in his characteristically explosive manner.

Somewhat abashed by the senator's frank question and boldness of expression, the ambassador managed to stammer out:

"I am Senor Don Juan Riano y Gayangos, chamberlain to his majesty the king of Spain, and envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary from that country."

Senator Martine's nerve never has been known to fail him in an emergency and it stood him in good stead in this instance.

"Well, by gad, sir," he replied, extending his hand cordially, "I'm glad to meet you."

Fearful State of Mind.

"What's the matter?" asked the friend. "You seem terribly nervous."

"I am," confided the shivering specimen of humanity. "It's hysteria. We've all got it at my house."

"Hysteria?"

"Yes. Bridge-whisteria!"

Not Out of Mind.

Husband (off for a journey)—Do you often think of me when I am gone?

Wife—Indeed I do. It takes me a week to get the smell of smoke out of the house.—New York Weekly.

War and Peace.

"An army bride always cuts the cake with her husband's saber."

"A pretty custom. What about it?"

"But the present sabers are too heavy for brides."

"That's bad. We'll petition the secretary of war to have sabers made lighter."

Dark and Fair.

"Faint heart never won fair lady."

"I detest that proverb."

"Why so?"

"I consider it a slap at us brunettes."—Kansas City Journal.

THE COTTAGE GARDEN CAN YIELD PROFIT AS WELL AS PLEASURE

When Intelligently Planned and Carefully Managed a Little Home Plot Becomes a Money Saver—Many Beginners Disregard Limitations In Straining After Variety

(F. W. Hofmann, Assistant Horticulturist, College of Agriculture, Kentucky State University, Lexington, Ky.)

One would be surprised to know what a fair return as well as a keen pleasure can be procured from a cottage garden. Gardens for convenience here may be classed into truck, farm and cottage gardens. This by no means is an arbitrary classification, but it will serve briefly and more directly in this discussion.

In speaking of cottage gardens, we will perhaps think of such gardens as may meet or supply the needs of the average housewife. If carried on and managed properly, a garden can be a conspicuous money-saver. There are times when there may be a long supply of a certain vegetable in the market and we can buy that vegetable very much cheaper than if raised in our cottage garden. We can not hope to grow some vegetables as cheaply as the experienced and specialized vegetable trucker can.

Competition Not Advisable.

The vegetable trucker has more and cheaper land, he grows on a larger scale, he has special help, he has facilities and tools for cutting down labor to a comparative minimum. With all of that competition staring us in the face it would not be practical to grow certain crops. This refers to certain crops and to certain conditions. A householder may, through some ingenuity or peculiar individuality think out a very efficient scheme, but we will consider this matter from an average householder's standpoint.

A cottage garden averages less than 100 by 150 feet, some being less than ten by ten feet, but seldom over an acre. On a ten-by-ten-foot plot we would not think of raising any crops such as potatoes, sweet corn or cabbage. It would be more profitable to raise a smaller and quicker crop, such as lettuce, radishes, beans, peas and some parsley for garnishing.

Sense of Proportion Needed.

Such vegetables must be grown as will be in keeping with your plot and your facilities. If you have a small plot, then you must plant such vegetables as require less room. As your plot is larger, so you may plant proportionately those plants that require more room.

The trouble is, we often become a little too enthusiastic at the beginning. We order all kinds of seeds and want to have a regular truck garden out of a small place. We buy a nickel's worth of this and then of that and so on until we have enough to plant out a good-sized truck farm. Plant less and conserve your enthusiasm throughout the whole season. Get as much out of a plot of ground as you can, but don't try to put a bushel in a peck.

Early Black Beauty Eggplant.

Early Planting Advised.

It is advisable for every grower to plant such crops as bring quick results. There is nothing more wholesome and nothing hailed with more delight than nice early, fresh lettuce and radishes. Don't be afraid to get these crops in early. Just as soon as the soil is workable in the spring. Even if a spring freeze should come a little later, these crops will ward off these apparent checks.

This reminds one that the soil should have been fertilized and spaded or plowed the previous fall. The soil, if treated in this manner will be in a good, friable, physical condition. Then in spring the soil will need only a thorough raking and leveling.

One should prepare a garden bed very much as a florist does his benches or his flats. The lower subsoil is somewhat loose and coarse. Then the soil should be firmed as it gradually comes to the surface.

Firm Foundation Necessary.

The florist often uses a brick or floater for firming the soil. Next he spreads his seeds upon this pressed or firmed soil. Then he takes a soil sifter and spreads a light coat of soil upon these seeds until they are sufficiently covered. The depth of this dressing depends upon the size of the seeds, the smaller the seeds, the more shallow the dressing. This operation works well especially for smaller seeds such as lettuce and radishes when broadcasting the seed is desired.

Danish Dry Weather Cauliflower.

Of course such plants as peas and beans should be planted in rows only and can not be broadcast. As a matter of fact, it is always best to plant in rows rather than in beds, but lettuce, radishes and vegetables for soups and garnishings can be planted with satisfactory results in beds, especially when there is plenty of water at hand.

Succession of Crops Possible.

If we watch the season carefully, we can have a succession of crops through most of the spring, summer and autumn, especially quite early and late in fall. The mid-summers in Kentucky are so often hot and dry that many vegetables do not thrive well in that season. So it is best to fall back on the more certain seasons and make good during that time.

As the size of the plot of ground is increased, so one can diversify their planting accordingly. In a 30-by-30-foot garden one can have 8 four-foot rows. The first row can be planted to asparagus; the second to rhubarb and horseradish or artichokes; the third to radishes, followed by tomatoes; the fourth lettuce, followed by okra or half peppers and half egg plants; the fifth bush beans, and if the season permits, both early and late; the sixth peas, both early and late, if season is good; seventh onions sown thickly and thinned out for fresh onions, leaving some for dry onions, at 3 to 4 inches apart, and the last row to butter beans.

The Stone Tomato.

Map for Larger Garden.

In a plot 100 by 150 feet the following vegetables may be grown: First row, asparagus; second row, rhubarb and horseradish, allowing 6 feet between the first and second row; third row, winter onions; fourth row, radishes with onions; fifth row, lettuce with cauliflower; sixth row, beets; seventh row, carrots, parsley and salsify; eighth row, string beans, both early and late, if seasonable; ninth, peas, both early and late, if season permits; tenth, butter beans; eleventh, okra; twelfth, peppers; thirteenth and fourteenth, early tomatoes; fifteenth and sixteenth, late tomatoes; seventeenth, early potatoes, followed by turnips; eighteenth and nineteenth early potatoes, followed by late cabbage; twentieth, early potatoes; twenty-first, early sweet corn and summer squash (plant the squash every eighth foot); twenty-second, early sweet corn, and twenty-third, early sweet corn and winter squash.

All rows except the first and second should be four feet apart.

BREEDING FOWLS

(T. R. Bryant, Superintendent of Agriculture Extension, Kentucky Experiment Station.)

Many disappointments have come to amateur poultry raisers or to farmers who have attempted to improve their flocks by buying a few fowls or eggs of a breed that is supposed to be made up of fine layers. It should be remembered that the strain is of more importance than the breed. For example, an extra good laying Brahma will lay more eggs that a poor laying Leghorn. In buying eggs or fowls we should inquire into the record of the ancestors and should purchase from poultrymen who have used the trap nest and ascertained that the stock sold is from parentage of high producing power. The observance of this rule will save much expense and disappointment.

MOLASSES FOR CATTLE.

Molasses, becoming very popular with many fat cattle feeders, is about the only feed not going up in price. It sells for $9.50 a barrel.

Alfalfa and red clover are excellent sheep pastures. These not only feed the sheep, but greatly improve the soil.

The main factors in making good butter are clean cream and proper ripening

ALFALFA POULTRY PASTURE.

Alfalfa may be made more hardy so that it will stand pasturing in poultry yards, according to the Colorado experiment station, by turning it under once and letting it grow up again. It is suggested that a good, hardy stand can be established by spading in some alfalfa crowns newly plowed out of an old field. This is best done early in the spring when the crowns are still dormant.

Haul manure often

DR. ALLEN'S LIFE JOB

By CASPAR JOHNSON.

When the maid opened the door in response to Hollander's tug at the bell, he walked into the little consultation room and ensconced herself comfortably in a chair near the window.

"Tell Doctor Allen I'd like to see her at once, if you will," he said pleasantly. "No! Never mind the name. Just a patient."

As the maid withdrew Hollander glanced about the room. Everywhere were medical books and technical magazines. A grinning skull and a yellowed femur reposed on the mantelpiece, and on a neighboring table was a sealed jar containing a human brain. Hollander grunted in disgust. He was loathe to associate Cecelia Allen with these things. The idea of a woman invading the professions—especially such women as Cecelia—was extremely distasteful to his mind. He rose, and crossing the room, stood before a framed diploma, reading its Latin phrases, which announced with all the ponderous dignity of steel engraving and crinkled parchment, that Cecelia Madison Allen was a full-fledged M. D.

Standing thus, with his back to the door, he did not see Cecelia enter the room.

"Good afternoon," she said, in her best professional manner.

Hollander turned.

"Hello, Cecelia," he said with cheerful informality.

"Oh, it's only you," she said.

"Well," he said in challenge, "can't I have troubles as well as anyone else? Haven't I as much right as the next man to summon medical aid?"

Cecelia regarded him doubtfully.

"Did you really come for medical advice?" she asked.

"I realy did," he asserted gravely. "Can't sleep. Worry all the time. Lost my good nature and feel broken up generally."

"Indigestion," she declared. "Aren't you smoking too much?"

"Your diagnosis is all wrong," said he. "The trouble is with my heart."

"Indeed!" she said, frowning slightly.

"Even so," he affirmed. "And what is more, it's a bad case."

Cecelia's frown deepened.

"You'd better consult a specialist," she advised.

"You're the only one who would understand the case," he said. "Do you suppose I want to go to a specialist and tell him I'm troubled with an obstinate case of unrequited affection?"

"So that's it," she said wearily.

"Yes, that's it," he returned. "I know of only two methods of treatment—matrimony or cold poison."

"I don't approve of either," she said.

"I don't fancy the cold poison myself," he admitted.

"You didn't come here to propose again, did you?" she asked coldly.

"I came here to ask you honestly if you're satisfied with this sort of thing; if you really and truly are making a success of it?" said he.

Cecelia glared at him.

"You're very brave," she said sardonically.

"I know it," said he, "but with all my nonsense I'm in earnest for once. I want to be sure, above all things, that you are happy and contented. If your profession is more than anything else in the world to you, I want you to make the biggest kind of a success of it. That is why I came," he ended quietly.

Cecelia toyed with a paper-weight, but said nothing.

"I've waited patiently and hoped impatiently," he went on, "but now I'm becoming convinced you really mean what you say about your life work. I want to satisfy myself today that you're thoroughly sincere, and if you are, I won't trouble you further. I'll take myself off and mope it out alone."

"My profession means very much to me," she mused thoughtfully.

"More than anything else in the world?" he asked eagerly.

"More than—than most anything else," she said.

"More than anything?" he persisted. "Does it mean more than a home—such a home as I can give you?"

At that juncture the bell jangled and the maid tapped on the door.

"Some one to see you, Doctor Allen," she said.

Cecelia excused herself and took her caller into the little office at the rear of the consultation room. After a time she came back. Her face was red and her professional repose seemed somewhat disturbed.

"Cured him so soon?" Hollander laughed.

"He's incurable," she said shortly.

"What's his ailment?" Hollander inquired.

"Chronic cupidity," she said. "It was the rent collector."

Hollander turned to her quickly.

"Look here, Cecelia," he said, "you don't mean—"

She nodded miserably.

"I've had just one patient—and that a charity patient—since I've been here," she confessed. "I'm strapped—broke—insolvent," she ended tragically.

"Is the profession worth all this struggle?" said Hollander.

"No," she said hotly, "it isn't. I'm tired of it all, and, Ted, I want that home—if I'm not too late in applying."

Hollander caught her in his arms.

"I'll give you a life job of curing that heart trouble," he declared jubilantly.

Pleasantly Slow.

There have been older smokers than "Granny" Scott, the Chertsey hawker, who enjoyed a pipe in her one hundred and fourth year. Jane Garbutt, who died at Darlington in 1856 at the age of one hundred and ten, smoked a pipe almost to her dying day. When asked some time before her death how long she had been a smoker, the old lady replied: "Very nigh a hundred years." Even this record was beaten by an American negro, Abraham Elmer, who died ten years ago in his one hundred and nineteenth year, and claimed to have smoked for a century. If tobacco be a poison, as its enemies declare, it is a pleasantly slow one.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

WHO'S WHO—and WHEREFORE

MRS. JOSEPH E. RANSDELL

Like President Wilson, Mrs. Joseph E. Ransdell of Louisiana has tried out the number 13 and found it lucky.

"To show you I always know what a good number it is," says the wife of Senator Ransdell, "I will tell you that I came into the world as the thirteenth child of my parents. In that day and time, it was held as a lucky number of children for parents to have. So, at any rate, I had the advantage of not regarding it with superstitious awe in my childhood."

Mrs. Ransdell is the recently elected treasurer general of the Daughters of the American Revolution. She spends two mornings each week in her offices at Continental Memorial hall at Washington. Here, the Tennessee, Maryland and California rooms are given over for the transaction of the large amount of business that passes through her hands, and she has a staff of nine efficient clerks. Every penny of the thousands of dollars disbursed annually by the great patriotic society is handled by Mrs. Ransdell, and the office is one that calls for business and executive ability.

Mrs. Ransdell has served as vice-president at large of the Woman's National Rivers and Harbors congress, and is deeply interested in the subject of the development of American waterways.

"If there is any one good cause dearer to me than another, however," she says, "it is the cause of international peace. I am a member of the committee on international peace of the Daughters of the American Revolution and no phase of the patriotic work of this body interests me more deeply than does that."

TALENTED YOUNG MATRON

New York, Boston, Chicago and the most densely populated cities are familiar with the type of woman best represented by Miss Mabel Boardman, head of the Red Cross, and now by Mrs. Joseph Medill McCormick, who has taken over the national protection of the suffrage cause. Miss Boardman is a dominant figure socially and under the Taft administration presided over the nearest resemblance to a salon of the eighteenth century the capital has enjoyed. Mrs. McCormick has resided at varying intervals in Washington since she wore short gowns and still attended school. She was well known as her father's pride and occasional counsellor in the early days of President McKinley's regime. She passed from the school girl role to that of a debutante popular with all classes of people. Social honors soon rolled on this talented young matron, and ten years ago she became actively interested in various philanthropic schemes in Washington and Chicago. Two years ago she began the erection of a series of lodging houses for self-respecting working girls.

To supervise this task, Mrs. McCormick took a course in practical architecture and visited in person the great central cities, where similar experiments had been conducted. She took up domestic science and with the aid of a successful caterer she planned wholesome menus to be provided at a minimum price. Every one discouraged her, told her it was a wild, impracticable scheme, yet Mrs. McCormick owns two large homes for working girls, and though the occupants get a room and board for from $3 to $7 a week, she gets a fair percentage on her investment. The home is conducted by a matron carefully selected by Mrs. McCormick and is entirely self-supporting.

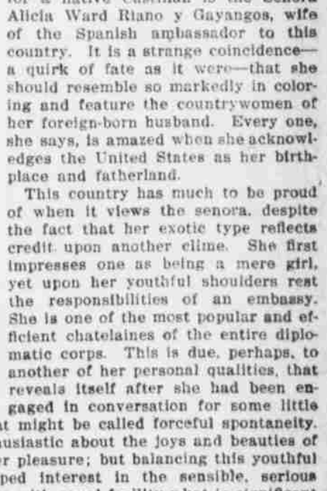
AMERICAN, YET TYPICALLY SPANISH

An American woman who looks enough like a Spaniard to be mistaken for a native Castilian is the Senora Alicia Ward Riano y Gayangos, wife of the Spanish ambassador to this country. It is a strange coincidence—a quirk of fate as it were—that she should resemble so markedly in coloring and feature the countrywomen of her foreign-born husband. Every one, she says, is amazed when she acknowledges the United States as her birthplace and fatherland.

This country has much to be proud of when it views the senora, despite the fact that her exotic type reflects credit upon another clime. She first impresses one as being a mere girl, yet upon her youthful shoulders rest the responsibilities of an embassy. She is one of the most popular and efficient chatelaines of the entire diplomatic corps. This is due, perhaps, to another of her personal qualities, that reveals itself after she had been engaged in conversation for some little time. She has a great amount of what might be called forceful spontaneity. In other words, she is delightfully enthusiastic about the joys and beauties of life and does not hesitate to express her pleasure; but balancing this youthful enthusiasm of hers is a well-developed interest in the sensible, serious things of life that enables her to discuss with equal facility what is significant as well as what is fantastic.

This ability to reach out of her own personality and sense another's interest which may be kindred with one of her own, has had much to do, no doubt, with her success as mistress of the Spanish embassy.

SAW TO IT HIMSELF



Representative Heflin of Alabama told the following story on a couple of Texans, and insisted that it was true, even if they were from the sunny south:

"It was at the time of the inauguration last March, and these men were casting about for some place to get something to eat. They finally ventured into Washington's most expensive hotel. Being a trifle awkward with a menu, the waiter presently began suggesting.

"'Duck, sah?'

"'Yes, Henry, let's have duck. I ain't et duck since I wuz a boy, and this is on me, remember—'

"'Duck, by all means, waiter; but this bill, Bill, is on me. We'll have quail, too, waiter. Got some quail?'

"'Yessah, and will yoh gemmen have soup while these is bein' prepahed? Oyster soup, sah?'

"'Yes—yes, we will, we'll have a nice stew—'

"When they had finished, Henry reached in his pocket, took out a wallet amply filled and, extracting a crisp one-dollar bill, handed it to the almost sinking waiter, with the remark that he could have what was left out of it after the bill was settled.

"Henry was told that the bill was $9.65. Being men of few words, the Texans said nothing until they had reached Pennsylvania avenue. And then Bill remarked solemnly and fervently, as he looked at the upper windows, 'Them people 'll be punished for that outrage!'

"Said Henry: 'They already are, Bill. Feel them dozen silver spoons in my pocket!'"